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THE PRINCIPLES
OF THE FOUNDERS
Edwin D. Mead

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 18, 1903.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE FOUNDERS

An excellent and powerful book, although a small one (173 pages), is published by the American Unitarian Society in this city. Its title is "The Principles of the Founders," meaning the founders of this nation of the United States. The author of the book is Edwin D. Mead. It is, in fact, the Fourth of July oration delivered by him in Faneuil Hall last summer, revised and expanded by more and fuller quotations from the great men we were once accustomed to honor with something better than a perfunctory and mocking reverence. Without qualification we pronounce Mr. Mead's oration a masterpiece of patriotic inculcation

a paper containing these remarkable

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The main point, however, that upon which we rest the judgment of the book already announced, is its strong and vital assertion of principles which it is now fashionable to ignore if they are remembered; the bedrock principles on which the American nation was built. These cannot be too often brought to mind, nor too strenuously illustrated and enforced. By them it is always wise to measure and estimate the policies advocated by modern politicians whom nobody can assume to be wiser or more unselfish than Adams, Washington, Franklin and Jefferson. And Mr. Mead's review, like all that he does or says, is characterized by a noble and apparent moral purpose that appeals with unusual force to what is best in human nature.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 17, 1903.
Fierce fights between Jews and Christians, in which four Christians and two Jews were killed, and many persons were seriously injured, are reported from Gomel, Government of Minsk. The disturbances arose Sept. 11 from a dispute between a peasant and a Jewish dealer. The police intervened, but the disturbances were renewed three days later, some Jewish booths being demolished, and 20 persons injured. Troops then arrived, and were received with shots from the Jews. The military returned the fire and restored order.

Four Christians and Two
Jews Killed and Soldiers
and Jews Fight, Order
Being Restored.

IN RUSSIAN TOWN



THE PRINCIPLES OF THE FOUNDERS

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THE PRINCIPLES OF THE FOUNDERS

BY

EDWIN D. MEAD

ORATION BEFORE THE CITY GOVERNMENT AND CITIZENS OF BOSTON,
AT FANEUIL HALL, JULY 4, 1903

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AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
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The letters of Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin, and various other citations were not read in the delivery of the address, but are printed here as the strong and impressive confirmations of the positions taken.

"The late M. Guizot once asked me how long I thought our Republic would endure. I replied, 'So long as the ideas of the men who founded it continue dominant.'"—LOWELL.

"Our city owes its existence and its power to principles not of yesterday, and the deeper principle will always prevail over whatever material accumulations."—EMERSON.

THE PRINCIPLES OF THE FOUNDERS

At the impressive New Voters' Festival, held here in Faneuil Hall on Patriots' Day, there was nothing more impressive than the words of St. Paul printed at the head of the program, "I am a citizen of no mean city," emphasized as they were in their application to the young citizens of Boston gathered here for that consecration service by the names of the illustrious men in Boston's history, — Winthrop, Adams, Webster, Quincy, Sumner, Emerson, Phillips Brooks, and their great associates, — inscribed upon the walls. I know of nothing that can more powerfully inspire and command the young man as he enters his political life than the consciousness that he belongs to a renowned city and an illustrious Commonwealth, and that he takes his place in the privileged ranks of a procession conspicuous and honored in history and among men.

"I am a citizen of no mean city"; "I am a Roman!" — how proudly the words ring out from the lips of Paul of Tarsus! When he said, "I am a Roman," Paul declared himself simply a citizen of the Roman empire. How much prouder was the word upon the lips of Cicero or Cæsar, citizens of the great city itself!

"I am an Athenian!" — how much the word meant in the mouth of Pericles or of Demosthenes! how much

in it of pride, of persuasion, of obligation and high imperative! The thought of the historic past commanded the character of to-day and to-morrow. As the gods had been with the fathers, so must they be with the children.

"Being the citizens of a great city," this was the appeal of Pericles to the Athenians in the dark days of the Peloponnesian War, "and educated in a temper of greatness, you should not succumb to calamities, however great, or darken the lustre of your fame." His chief incitement to heroism in the storm and stress of the time was gratitude and a sense of the city's great inheritance. "Our fathers, when they withstood the Persians, had no such empire as we. Not by good fortune but by wisdom, and not by power but by courage, they repelled the barbarian and raised us to our present height of greatness. We must be worthy of them." His highest tribute to those who fell at the beginning of the war was that "they were worthy of Athens." "I will speak first of our ancestors," he said in his famous funeral speech. He told how the fathers in the generations had added to their inheritance and through many struggles transmitted their empire to their sons; and he boasted with just pride that the sons themselves assembled there that day, still most of them in the vigor of life, had chiefly done the work of improvement and richly endowed their city with all things. "Our city," he proudly said, "is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning. Athens is the school of Hellas. We do good to

our neighbors, not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit." "We regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs as a useless character ; and if few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy." He rejoiced in the mighty monuments which would make Athens the wonder of succeeding ages ; she did not need the praises of Homer nor of any other panegyrist. "Such is the city," he exclaimed, "for whose sake these men nobly fought and died ; in magnifying the city I have magnified them and men like them, whose virtues made her glorious ; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil on her behalf. I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges. I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens until you become filled with the love of her ; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it."

We here in the American Athens, as we like to call our dear old town, may read these patriotic words of the great Athenian statesman not only as a striking illustration of the present power of an appeal to a great past, but as a stirring exposition of the kind of life and public spirit which we would desire to inform and inspire Boston to-day as they ennobled the Athens of Pericles.

What we find in Pericles, that also we find in Demosthenes, and even in more marked degree. His pride

in Athens, his reverence for her history, his devotion to her ideals, his shame in her shame, his lofty sense of the high honor and severe duty of Athenian citizenship, — this is the key to his life and to the interpretation of his whole public policy. He had studied the history of Athens like no other of his time. Uniting in his ideal picture of Athens all that was noblest in that history, he sought to stir the reason and imagination of his countrymen by it as his own were stirred. Disinterestedness and honor, the championship of the oppressed, and all magnanimous and generous qualities were blended in the ideal Athens which commanded his energies and aspirations ; and the aim of his political life was to make Athens “identify herself with her best moments, and be made to feel that then she was most truly herself.” It has been often said, and justly, that his great oration on “The Crown” is in reality not so much a vindication of himself as a glowing eulogy on the Athens that trusted him. In the “Philippics,” as in “The Crown,” the argument is again and again an historical review, the familiar names and events of Athenian history being hurled at the assembly in swift succession, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. If the rest of the world consented to be slaves, Athens at least must do battle for freedom ; that task and privilege had been won and bequeathed to her at great cost, through many dangers. “By our fathers who met danger at Marathon ; by our fathers who stood in the ranks at Plataea ; by our fathers who did battle on the waters of Salamis and Artemision ; by all the brave who sleep in tombs

at which their country paid the last honors," — by such adjurations did he seek to rouse in declining Athens the heroism of the antique time. His heart burns with shame that the mere memories of her great past should not be sufficient to nerve Athens to successful resistance against the rude warrior from the north, who had been cradled and schooled in the meanest environment. "Who would dare to say that a man born and bred at Pella, a place at that time petty and obscure, had a right to such an innate grandeur of spirit as to aspire to the empire of Greece and to harbor the project in his thoughts; while you, Athenians, who day by day, in every word you hear and every sight you see, contemplate the memorials of the prowess of your forefathers, might be so intrinsically base as uninvited and unforced to surrender to Philip the liberty of Greece?"

"Great empires and little minds," said Burke, "go ill together." Athens fell because she had become an Athens of little minds. Demosthenes is a tragical figure because he is a man of the antique mold surviving in a time not moved by the antique motives, speaking to little minds the things which only stir great ones. When Guizot asked Lowell how long the American Republic would endure, Lowell answered rightly: "So long as the ideas of the men who founded it continue dominant." Demosthenes knew well that Athens could stand only as she was true to the principles of the fathers, not because they were the principles of the fathers, but because the fathers had been faithful to true principles. Athens was false to these, and Athens fell; but the

message of Demosthenes to Athens remains a message to every republic, in every time. He spoke to an apathetic Athens, he spoke to an Athens losing its conscience and its will, no longer capable of sustained effort. The people in their assemblies applauded fine sentiments, liked to hear laudations of their fathers, passed eloquent resolutions,—and shirked their duties. They reflected after the event. They depended upon leaders and left all business and the disposal of emoluments to these, instead of depending upon themselves and fighting their own battles as formerly. “In old days,” Demosthenes said, “the people was master of its statesmen ; now it is their servant.” The change had brought corruption and venality in high places and in low. “Something there once was in the heart of the masses which there is not now, something which prevailed over the wealth of Persia, which kept Greece in freedom, which was unvanquished in battle by land or sea.” This secret force was a hatred of bribery. “New principles are now imported, wherewith Greece is sick even to death. And what are these ? Envy if a man has taken a bribe ; ridicule if he confesses it ; pardon if the guilt is proved ; hatred of those who censure him.” He spoke to a materialistic, money-loving, game-loving, luxury-loving, flattery-loving Athens, and an Athens seeking for fine interpretations of poor conduct. But he was fearless and sincere, refusing to ignore or whitewash facts, and speaking truth at every cost. Nowhere else are the shortcomings of a people more severely dealt with ; but his severity is never the severity of the scold, but the severity of faith, which

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ennobles and stimulates. His politics is a politics which he can take to the altar. "Ye gods, inspire these men with a better mind and heart! Ye gods, grant us a sure salvation!" Every question of public policy depends with him on some principle which has its root in morals; and therefore with him no noble policy could be failure and no ignoble policy success. Surveying the last struggle with Philip and its results, he exclaimed: "I say that if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, if you who never opened your lips had been ever so loud or shrill in prophecy and protest, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come."

The purest and intensest of patriots, Demosthenes was also one of the broadest; and here too he has a lesson for us. His devotion to Athens did not hinder his devotion to Greece. He rose above every narrow and provincial prejudice and took all Hellas into his heart. Washington, after the Revolution, when few men in the Colonies could see beyond the borders of their own Massachusetts or New York or Virginia, declared that henceforth the politics of America must be measured on "a continental scale." What vision that witnessed to, and how much it meant, it is hard for us to-day to understand; but it meant much more for Demosthenes to see and say to the Athenians that politics must be measured on an Hellenic scale. To the Greek his town or city was his country; and the insularity of Athens, Thebes, or Sparta was vastly greater than the mutual repulsion of the States under

the old Articles of Confederation, or than South Carolina's emphasis upon State rights in 1830 or 1861. For Demosthenes to transcend Athens meant almost as much as for us to recognize, as now becomes our duty, that the time has come when no man may longer so construe his patriotism as to say in the first place, I am an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, but when all must know themselves in the first place as citizens of the world and define every narrower patriotism in subordination to that higher definition. Demosthenes was accused by *Æschines* of *Boeotian* sympathies, because he was able to do justice to men beyond his own borders, for whom his narrowly and vulgarly patriotic neighbors had only jealousy and hate. "I know," he says in one place, "that it is difficult to say anything to you about the Theban people; you hate them so that you would not like to hear anything to their credit, even if it were true." More and more Demosthenes speaks as the Hellenic patriot rather than as the Athenian citizen. His vision becomes ever broader as his feeling becomes ever more intense and as the danger of Greece becomes greater. The duty of Athens becomes, as he conceives it, to deliver the oppressed and to support everywhere the claims of democracy against oligarchy and despotism.

The old Athenian life and our American life have much in common. The resemblances between Greek character and ours are marked. Those little Greek democracies were more like our great one than almost any intervening states. They offer us more pertinent

examples and warnings than almost any other ; and they are of peculiar value for us in this, that their history is rounded and complete, and in it we can see the various conflicting principles and tendencies working themselves out to the end, and so learn the full lesson of their logic. Pericles and Demosthenes speak to America as well as to Athens ; and we may well domesticate their admonitions here to-day and emphasize them to our people and ourselves as the words of fellow citizens of Washington and Jefferson, of Sumner and Emerson. If the life and burning eloquence of Demosthenes teach anything, if the rounded period of history whose darkness he lights up teaches anything, they teach the validity and the imperious moment of the appeal, in times of danger and temptation, to the fathers and to a great past, to the history and the teachings which in times of soberness have ever had the nation's highest honor. No nation which is virtuous and vital will ever be slave to the past ; at the command of virtue and of vision it will snap precedent like a reed. But every people of seriousness, stability and character is a reverent people ; and when a people's reverence for its noble ancestors, its sacred oracles and its venerable charters ceases to be sturdy and becomes sentimental, much more when it ceases to exist at all, then the hour of that people's decay and doom has struck. On this anniversary of our Declaration of Independence, let us remember and vow never to forget that when it becomes general or popular among us, as it has become common, to flout at the Declaration and its principles ; whenever the

nation commits itself to courses which, for the sake of consistency and respectability, invite and compel its disparagement; when our politics does not match our poetry and cannot be sung; when Washington and Jefferson and Sumner and Lincoln cease to be quoted in our cabinet and at our helm,—then it is not well with us, but ill, and it is time to study the compass.

Our City of Boston is in this matter under the special care of the divinities; they have made regular provision to remind us of our pious founders and fathers every day. The State of Massachusetts unhappily has for its State seal one of the most barbarous and least representative seals adopted by any State in the Union: an Indian with bow and arrow, and a clenched fist with a sword,—formerly the emblem of Algiers,—with some Latin of questionable character about keeping the peace under the sword. It will be remembered by some here how deeply Charles Sumner hated this “bellicose escutcheon,” as he termed it, and how in his great Fourth of July oration in 1845 he expressed the hope that Massachusetts might abandon it for the sake of something “more consistent with her moral dignity and the character she vaunts before the world.” To keep the peace is certainly a commendable and necessary thing; but—since some will have it that the clenched fist is the policeman’s, not the soldier’s—is it a thing to boast of? As soon be proud, in civilization, that your hands are clean. Let Massachusetts not be satisfied to front the world with the badge either of the policeman or the warrior; let her take

the mantle of the prophet, to which no other modern state has right so valid and divine. Let us pledge ourselves here to the effort to secure for the Commonwealth a seal more worthy of her. And meantime let us be grateful that the motto upon the seal of the City of Boston is the noblest possible. For each time that an ordinance or proclamation is sealed by the government of Boston,—let our City Hall never forget it, and let us not forget,—it is with the reverent tribute and the prayer: “God be with us as He was with our fathers !”

And, indeed, if any people ever had warrant and occasion to look back to their fathers and their history for inspiration and imperative, such surely — Athens and Rome not more—have the people of this City of Boston and this ancient Commonwealth. The founders of Massachusetts, our own Lowell has justly said, were the first colonists in human history who went out “not to seek gold, but to seek God.” “Next to the fugitives whom Moses led out of Egypt,” he said, “the little shipload of outcasts who landed at Plymouth two centuries and a half ago are destined to influence the future of the world.” We thrill with warm and proper pride as we read this high claim of our Massachusetts essayist and poet. With a just pride we also read the strong words of the president of our Historical Society, Charles Francis Adams, in his book on our Massachusetts historians,—a book not written, as scholars here know well, to puff our Massachusetts pride, but rather to prick some of our Massachusetts bubbles: “The history of Massachusetts is the record of the gradual and

practical development of a social and political truth of the highest importance. Viewed in this light, the passage of the Red Sea was not a more momentous event than the voyage of the Mayflower; and the founding of Boston was fraught with consequences hardly less important than those which resulted from the founding of Rome."

— What is the great political truth for which Boston and Massachusetts stand thus preëminently in history, and which confers immortal lustre on them? It is the truth for which the Declaration of Independence stands, which we celebrate to-day, the principle of the equality of men before the law. This was no deliverance of the French Revolution; it has been well said that, if there was any learning between Jefferson and the French political philosophers, they were the learners, not he. It was the offspring of the Puritan movement, which at the same time established the English Commonwealth and planted New England. Mr. Adams knows this well; it was to asking New England to remember it that the eloquent English preacher who is now visiting us devoted his first word last week in Boston; it was to make it plain and draw its lessons that the keen and wise Swiss scholar, Borgeaud, in Calvin's city, wrote his penetrating book upon "The Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England." It was in New England that the principle was really first embodied in institutions; here Sir Harry Vane was steeped in it; and when presently the Puritans in England drew up their "Agreement of the People" and sought to institute the principle, they spoke of it as "the New England Way."

The principle has had a hard fight of it in England. For a century before the Declaration of Independence it had a hard fight of it here; but Mr. Adams is right in saying that when the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780 went into effect, this principle of human equality before the law, theoretically enunciated in the Declaration, was a thing in practice in New England. He is right in saying that in respect to this the record of no community is more creditable, more consistent, or more important than ours. "Massachusetts has always been at the front. . . . Her influence has been world-wide. - The backbone of the movement which preceded the French Revolution, she inspired the agitation which ended in the fall of African slavery."

It is right to say, and let us remember it on this sacred anniversary as an inspiration to duty, that — Boston has been the centre of the two great movements in our history, the movement which gave us independence and the movement which purged the land of slavery. If we could rear on Boston Common a monument upon which, around the central form of Samuel Adams, should be grouped the figures of James Otis and John Adams and John Hancock and Joseph Warren and their great associates, how much that monument would represent of what was most dynamic in the days which led up to the American Revolution! If we could rear beside it a monument upon which, around the central figure of William Lloyd Garrison, should stand Wendell Phillips, Parker and Channing, Lowell and Emerson, Sumner and Andrew, how much would be represented by that group of what was most

potent in the anti-slavery struggle! When the final history is written of the great social and industrial revolution into which we have already far advanced, and which will continue until there exists throughout the republic an industrial equality as great as the political equality which we now enjoy or claim to enjoy, it will be seen that here, too, Boston has done her conspicuous part. And when we survey the movement in behalf of the overthrow of war, in behalf of the peace of nations and the organization of the world, the preëminent task of our own time, we shall find that in this great movement Boston has led America; I think it is not too much to claim that she has led the world. As it was the glory of Boston and of Massachusetts, proudest of cities and of commonwealths, strongest in local patriotism, to lead the country in the assertion of national sovereignty against every false emphasis upon state's rights, in that long struggle which nearly cost the nation its life and which made it forever impossible for the American to say henceforth, My state is first, — so it has been their glory to lead in the creation of the sentiment which meets the peculiar problem and menace of our own age, enabling and inspiring men to harmonize their politics and their religion, and know that their first allegiance is not to their nation, but to humanity.

In this our Commonwealth and city have but been true to the sublime pointings and ideals of the leaders of the Revolution and the founders of the Republic, whom we celebrate to-day. Independence for the sake of independence, a new nation for the sake of a new

nation,—that was not the aim and motive of our fathers. Their dream was of a new nation of juster institutions and more equal laws, a nation in which should dwell righteousness, and which should mark the beginning of a new era among men. It should be especially an era of peace and brotherhood among the nations. They hated war. They believed that the time had come when the bloody dispensation of war, with all its terrible wickedness and waste, should cease; and their ambition and high hope was that their new republic might lead in the new dispensation of peace and order and mutual regard. To this abhorrence of war as a cardinal and controlling sentiment with the men who achieved our independence I ask your attention; and no eloquence can be so powerful and persuasive as the simple presentation of their words.

We call Samuel Adams the “Father of the American Revolution.” He first clearly foresaw it, and he did most in the days before 1775 to determine its character and direct its course. Of all the statesmen of the Revolution he was the one whose views were closest to those of the great author of the Declaration of Independence. When in 1801 Jefferson prepared his inaugural address as president, he wrote to our venerable Boston patriot: “In meditating the matter of that address, I often asked myself, Is this exactly in the spirit of the patriarch of liberty, Samuel Adams? Is it as he would express it? Will he approve of it? I have felt a great deal for our country in the times we have seen, but individually for no one so much as yourself.” Among the manuscripts of Samuel Adams

there exists one of the most remarkable and prophetic documents of that prophetic time. Whether it ever became a legislative act we do not know ; but it is in the form of a letter of instructions from the Legislature of Massachusetts to the delegates in Congress, and it apparently belongs to the period between the close of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution. The General Court in this letter declares the instruction to be one "which they have long had in contemplation, and which, if their most ardent wish could be obtained, might in its consequences extensively promote the happiness of man." The instruction is as follows :

"You are hereby instructed and urged to move the United States in Congress assembled to take into their deep and most serious consideration, whether any measures can by them be used, through their influence with such of the nations in Europe as they are united with by treaties of amity or commerce, that national differences may be settled and determined without the necessity of war, in which the world has too long been deluged, to the destruction of human happiness and the disgrace of human reason and government."

If it was found that no definite action could then be taken, it was urged that it would redound to the honor of the United States, that its Congress attended to this subject, and that it would be accepted as a testimony of gratitude to God for his signal blessings upon the States ; and the delegates were instructed to have the letter entered in the Journals of Congress, to remain for the inspection of delegates from Massachusetts in future time.

This proposition from the Father of the American Revolution—whose severe general exposures of the banefulness and inconsistency of militarism in democracy are so well known—for some regular and permanent arrangement for international arbitration among the nations of Christendom, to make an end of war, was penned more than a century before the similar proposition of the Czar of Russia resulted in the Conference at The Hague and the establishment of the Permanent International Tribunal, whose creation is the distinctive historical event and the crowning glory of the present age.

Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson,—these are the three names of world-wide fame in connection with the achievement of our independence and the birth of the nation. What was their attitude toward war and the military system? What was their ideal and desire for the United States? By fortunate fatality, the history of Jefferson's administration has been written by a descendant of John Adams, the great defender of the Declaration of Independence on the floor of Congress, a brother of the president of our Historical Society, who defined in words so noble the foundation and vocation of Massachusetts and of Boston; and nowhere else have the political purposes and aspirations of the great author of the Declaration been so well stated briefly as by Henry Adams in this history:

Jefferson aspired beyond the ambition of a nationality, and embraced in his view the whole future of man. That the United States should become a nation like France, England or Russia, or should conquer the world like Rome, was no part of his scheme.

He wished to begin a new era. Hoping for a time when the world's ruling interests should cease to be local and should become universal; when questions of boundary and nationality should become insignificant; when armies and navies should be reduced to the work of police,—he set himself to the task of governing with this golden age in view. Few men have dared to legislate as though eternal peace were at hand, in a world torn by wars and convulsions and drowned in blood; but this was what Jefferson aspired to do. Even in such dangers, he believed that Americans might safely set an example which the Christian world should be led by interest to respect and at length to imitate. As he conceived a true American policy, war was a blunder, an unnecessary risk; and even in case of robbery and aggression, the United States, he believed, had only to stand on the defensive in order to obtain justice in the end. He would not consent to build up a new nationality merely to create more navies and armies, to perpetuate the crimes and follies of Europe; the central government at Washington should not be permitted to indulge in the miserable ambitions that had made the Old World a hell and frustrated the hopes of humanity.

To Thomas Pinckney, in 1797, Jefferson wrote a word which suggests an utterance of John Bright's fourscore years afterwards giving the truth a broader application to the United States and her opportunity as the great peace power of the world. Wrote Jefferson to Pinckney: "War is not the best engine for us to resort to. Nature has given us one in *our commerce*, which, if properly managed, will be a better instrument for obliging the interested nations of Europe to treat us with justice." John Bright, in the House of Commons, in 1879, speaking by interesting coincidence on the Fourth of July, set forth to England and the nations of Europe the folly of their burdensome armaments and exhausting taxation, and the terrible dis-

advantage under which they labored in competition with the United States, unhampered as she was by such taxation, by costly armies and navies, and a "spirited foreign policy." Her resources were all free for constructive purposes. If the United States persisted in her political wisdom and commercial common sense for a quarter of a century, the nations of Europe would be compelled, he believed, to throw over their costly military system in mere commercial self-protection. Incredible to the great English statesman and lover of America would have been the intimation that before the quarter of a century rolled by we should see the growth among us of a movement recklessly seeking to throw away this very commercial advantage and our chief lever for pressing forward the disarmament and peace of the nations; incredible that we, too, should be wasting hundreds of millions on needless and wicked wars, we, too, shouting for a "big navy" and organizing "naval leagues," descending to meet the nations of Europe on their own terms and plane instead of forcing them up to ours, tempted to put on their hoary old plumes and arms and false prides and ambitions just when the best minds among themselves are striving so earnestly to make them put them off.

One year after his letter to Thomas Pinckney, Jefferson, in a letter to Sir John Sinclair, gave memorable expression to his abhorrence of the war system. "I recoil with horror," he said, "at the ferociousness of man. Will nations never devise a more rational umpire of differences than force? Are there no means of

coercing injustice more gratifying to our nature than a waste of the blood of thousands and of the labor of millions of our fellow creatures? Wonderful has been the progress of human improvement in other lines. Let us hope, then, that the law of nature, which makes a virtuous conduct produce benefit and vice loss to the agent in the long run, which has sanctioned the common principle that honesty is the best policy, will in time influence the proceedings of nations as well as individuals, and that we shall at length be sensible that war is an instrument *entirely inefficient towards redressing wrong*; that it *multiplies instead of indemnifying losses*." And in this striking passage he proceeds to urge the economic argument against war: "Had the money which has been spent in the present war in Europe been employed in making roads and conducting canals of navigation and irrigation through the country, not a hovel in the Highlands of Scotland or mountains of Auvergne would have been without a boat at its door, a rill of water in every field, and a road to its market town. . . . A war would cost us more than would cut through the isthmus of Darien; and that of Suez might have been opened with what a single year has seen thrown away on the rock of Gibraltar." The word comes with new and added force just as we are preparing to cut through that isthmus of Darien by the taxation of the people, after wasting three times its cost in damaging and demoralizing war.

Jefferson became an honorary member of the Massachusetts Peace Society almost immediately upon its founding, and his letters to Noah Worcester, the founder

of the society,—especially his treatment of wars as the duels of nations and his prophecy that they would run the same course and come to the same end as duelling among gentlemen,—are among the most significant papers in the first volume of the Peace Society's journal, "The greatest of human evils,"—that was Jefferson's verdict upon war.

It was to Jefferson that the new Republican party appealed and dedicated itself in its Philadelphia platform of 1856; it declared its purpose to restore the action of the Federal government to "the principles of Washington and Jefferson." Abraham Lincoln, the year before his election as president, wrote to a great Republican gathering here in Boston to celebrate Jefferson's birthday :

The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashinglly calls them "glittering generalities," another bluntly calls them "self-evident lies," and others insidiously argue that they apply to "superior races." These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect—the supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us. This is a world of compensation; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that

to-day and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression.

Could the words of Lincoln reach to-day the political party which, ceasing to quote his words, ventures still to name his name, could they reach the republic which Jefferson dedicated, and which he at Gettysburg re-dedicated in Jefferson's words, what other words than Jefferson's would he choose to bring home to us the enormity of the subjugation by the republic of a protesting, struggling people, and the enormity of all unjust and unnecessary war ?

To the common sense of Franklin we should naturally expect that the military system would seem folly ; and as matter of fact we find that his condemnations of the wickedness and waste of war are even more numerous and more energetic than Jefferson's. Some of them are well known ; but it will be useful to bring this strong body of testimony together. First, Franklin's letter to Dr. Richard Price, in 1780. This was in the very midst of the war, and Dr. Price was a London clergyman, a subject of King George ; but Franklin and he remained warm friends throughout, and this letter is one of many which Franklin sends from Paris :

We make daily great improvements in *natural*, there is one I wish to see in *moral* philosophy : the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats. When will human reason be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of this ? When will men be convinced that even successful wars at length become misfortunes to those who unjustly commenced them, and who triumphed blindly in their success, not seeing all its consequences ?

In 1782, in a letter from Franklin to Dr. Priestley upon man's common inhumanity to man, occurs the following famous passage :

In what light we are viewed by superior beings may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which possibly has not reached you. A young angel of distinction, being sent down to this world on some important business, for the first time, had an old courier spirit assigned him for his guide ; they arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When through the clouds of smoke he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies dead or dying ; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air ; and the quantity of pain, misery and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another ; he turned angrily to his guide and said : " You blundering blockhead ! you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell ! " " No, sir," says the guide, " I have made no mistake ; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner ; they have more sense, and more of what men vainly call humanity."

The next year, 1783, the treaty of peace was signed which recognized the independence of the United States ; and Franklin writes as follows to Sir Joseph Banks :

I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures, have reason enough to settle their differences without cutting throats ; *for, in my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of life might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in works of public utility ! What an extension of agriculture, even to the tops of the mountains ; what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals ;

what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending those millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief — in bringing misery into thousands of families, and destroying the lives of so many working people, who might have performed the useful labors.

In the same year he writes in the same strain from Paris to David Hartley in London :

I think with you that your Quaker article is a good one, and that men will in time have sense enough to adopt it. . . . What would you think of a proposition, if I should make it, of a compact between England, France and America? America would be as happy as the Sabine girls if she could be the means of uniting in perpetual peace her father and her husband. What repeated follies are these repeated wars! You do not want to conquer and govern one another. Why then should you be continually employed in injuring and destroying one another? How many excellent things might have been done to promote the internal welfare of each country; what bridges, roads, canals and other public works and institutions, tending to the common felicity, might have been made and established with the money and men foolishly spent during the last seven centuries by our mad wars in doing one another mischief! You are near neighbors, and each have very respectable qualities. Learn to be quiet and to respect each other's rights. You are all Christians. One is *The Most Christian King*, and the other *Defender of the Faith*. Manifest the propriety of these titles by your future conduct. "By this," says Christ, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." "Seek peace and ensue it."

In 1783, when peace was uppermost in his thoughts, he wrote also to Mrs. Mary Hewson: "All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced, and agree to settle

their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other." Four years later, in 1787, just after the close of the Constitutional Convention, he returns to this aspect of the subject in the following impressive letter to his sister, Mrs. Jane Mecom :

I agree with you perfectly in your disapprobation of war. Abstracted from the inhumanity of it, I think it wrong in point of human providence. For whatever advantages one nation would obtain from another, whether it be part of their territory, the liberty of commerce with them, free passage on their rivers, etc., etc., it would be much cheaper to purchase such advantages with ready money than to pay the expense of acquiring it by war. An army is a devouring monster, and when you have raised it you have, in order to subsist it, not only the fair charges of pay, clothing, provision, arms and ammunition, with numberless other contingent and just charges, to answer and satisfy, but you have all the additional knavish charges of the numerous tribe of contractors to defray, with those of every other dealer who furnishes the articles wanting for your army, and takes advantage of that want to demand exorbitant prices. It seems to me that if statesmen had a little more arithmetic, or were more accustomed to calculation, wars would be much less frequent. I am confident that Canada might have been purchased from France for a tenth part of the money England spent in the conquest of it. And if, instead of fighting with us for the power of taxing us, she had kept us in a good humor by allowing us to dispose of our own money, and now and then giving us a little of hers by way of donation to colleges or hospitals, or for cutting canals or fortifying ports, she might easily have drawn from us much more by our occasional voluntary grants and contributions than ever she could by taxes. Sensible people will give a bucket or two of water to a dry pump that they may afterwards get from it all they have occasion for. Her Ministry

were deficient in that little point of common sense ; and so they spent one hundred millions of her money, and after all lost what they contended for.

To Alexander Small, in England, he wrote in 1787 :

You have one of the finest countries in the world, and if you can be cured of the folly of making war for trade (in which wars more has been always expended than the profits of any trade can compensate) you may make it one of the happiest. Make the most of your own natural advantages, instead of endeavoring to diminish those of other nations, and there is no doubt but that you may yet prosper and flourish. Your beginning to consider France no longer as a natural enemy is a mark of progress in the good sense of the nation.

Finally, in 1788, he wrote as follows to M. LeVeillard in France:

When will princes learn arithmetic enough to calculate, if they want pieces of one another's territory, how much cheaper it would be to buy them than to make war for them, even though they were to give a hundred years' purchase ? But if glory cannot be valued, and therefore the wars for it cannot be subject to arithmetical calculation, so as to show their advantage or disadvantage, at least wars for trade, which have gain for their object, may be proper subjects for such computation ; and a trading nation, as well as a single trader, ought to calculate the probabilities of profit and loss before engaging in any considerable adventure. This, however, nations seldom do, and we have had frequent instances of their spending more money in wars for acquiring or securing branches of commerce than a hundred years' profit or the full enjoyment of them can compensate.

With these remarkable letters, showing Franklin, as does so much besides, so far in advance of his time, or for that matter of ours, should be read his "Observa-

tions on War." Remarking upon the fact that Europe till lately had been without regular troops, he lays his finger on the reason for the portentous growth of armaments in our own time and the great difficulty of disarmament save in concert: "One powerful prince keeping an army always on foot makes it necessary for his neighbor to do the same to prevent surprise." He laments the frightful loss to the world of the labor of all men employed in war, and notes that the soldier loses habits of industry to such degree that he is rarely fit for sober business afterwards. It is for the interest of humanity that the occasions of war and the inducements to it should be diminished; and he urges the nations to hasten in better mutual organization. "By the original law of nations, war and extirpation were the punishment of injury. Humanizing by degrees, it admitted slavery instead of death. A farther step was the exchange of prisoners instead of slavery; another, to respect more the property of private persons under conquest and be content with acquired dominion. Why should not this law of nations go on improving? Ages have intervened between its several steps; but as knowledge of late increases rapidly, why should not these steps be quickened?" If it is ever permitted the departed to come back from the other world to this, then surely the spirit of Franklin must have hovered over the Peace Conference at The Hague, where the law of nations took a step so momentous and sublime; and it must have been present in the great church at Delft when, on that Fourth of July in 1899, by invitation of the commissioners of the United States, the members of

the Conference gathered there about the tomb of Grotius, and the silver wreath was laid upon it in tribute to the father of international law, in behalf and by instruction of the government of the great republic which Franklin and Adams and Jefferson and Washington brought into being with the prayer that it might bring a new era to the world, an era of peace on earth and good will among men.

Washington — the father of his country — what of him? From him, too, we have the strong, constructive word. As in other things, so here, Washington unites the common sense of Franklin and the vision of Jefferson. "Cultivate peace and harmony with all nations" was one of the charges of his Farewell Address; and his cautions against those policies and entanglements which so naturally lead to war are known, or ought to be, by every American. His admonition to keep ourselves always in a "respectable defensive posture," when strained, as it so often is by our militant folk, to cover their schemes, is wantonly misused. He knew, as well as John Bright knew a century later, how happy is our position and how impregnable we are so long as we act like Christians; and the measure of his idea of a "respectable defensive posture" is the fact that the total expenditure for national armament under his sanction during the entire eight years of his administration was less than eight million dollars. In the last half dozen years we have spent in direful and needless war eight hundred million dollars; and we are multiplying battle-ships by the dozen — surely not needed for "respectable defense" — a single one of which costs

almost as much as our whole army and navy appropriations during Washington's long term as president. In the Farewell Address itself he denounced great armaments, and spoke with deepest feeling of their dangers to democracy. "Overgrown military establishments are, under any form of government, inauspicious to liberty, and are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty." Washington was no parochial statesman. No man in his great day saw so far west as he ; to-day his vision would sweep round the world. Freeman wrote of him as "the expander of England," because he first drastically and effectually taught England that her empire could expand and endure only by justice. He was much more the great expander of the republic ; and he would be the great expander of the republic's true influence among men. He would tell the republic to-day that it is no longer boy, but man, and that it must acquit itself like a man. While he was yet with us he foresaw the time "when, our institutions being firmly consolidated and working with complete success, we might safely and perhaps beneficially take part in the consultations held by foreign states for the advantage of the nations" ; and he would tell us that a hundred relations are imperative for us to-day which were not expedient for us a hundred years ago. But he would also tell us that there are truths which do not change with the centuries and with which the nation that measures its power on a continental scale may no more trifle with impunity than the new man-child. There is an indissoluble union, he would still repeat to us, between "an honest and magnanimous

policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity "; and the smiles of heaven cannot be expected on a nation when it "disregards the eternal rules of order and right."

A nation never does this more flagrantly, he held, than in unjust and unnecessary war ; and the war spirit is the subject of his constant rebuke. One of the points which he puts down to urge, among the early hints for the Farewell Address, is "That we may never unsheath the sword except in self-defence, so long as justice and our essential rights and national respectability can be preserved without it." To David Humphreys, secretary of the commission sent abroad to negotiate treaties of commerce, he wrote, in 1785, concerning war: "My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements and exercising them for the destruction of mankind." In the same tone he wrote in the same year to the Marquis de la Rouerie, an officer just appointed to the command of a French army corps: "My first wish is (although it is against the profession of arms, and would clip the wings of some of your young soldiers who are soaring after glory) to see the whole world in peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind." To Rochambeau, in 1786, he expressed his abhorrence of the "rage of conquest" among the nations of Europe, and of the "effusion of human blood for the acquisition of a little territory." To the Marquis de

Chastellux, in 1788, he wrote, while the "great personages" of the north of Europe were "making war under the infatuation of Mars": "It is time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end. Your young military men, who want to reap the harvest of laurels, do not care, I suppose, how many seeds of war are sown; but for the sake of humanity it is devoutly to be wished that the manly employment of agriculture and the humanizing benefits of commerce would supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into ploughshares, the spears into pruning-hooks, and, as the Scriptures express it, 'the nations learn war no more.'" In the same year he writes to Lafayette: "Would to God the harmony of nations were an object that lay nearest to the hearts of sovereigns, and that the incentives to peace, of which commerce and facility of understanding each other are not the most inconsiderable, might be daily increased!" And again: "There seems to be a great deal of bloody work cut out for this summer in the north of Europe. If war, want, and plague are to desolate those huge armies that are assembled, who, that has the feelings of a man, can refrain from shedding a tear over the miserable victims of regal ambition? It is really a strange thing that there should not be room enough in the world for men to live without cutting one another's throats." At the same time he wrote to Jefferson: "In whatever manner the nations of Europe shall endeavor to keep up their prowess in war and their balance of power in peace, it will be obviously our

policy to cultivate tranquillity at home and abroad, and to extend our agriculture and commerce as far as possible." To Rochambeau he wrote the next year, 1789: "Notwithstanding it might probably, in a commercial view, be greatly for the advantage of America that a war should rage on the other side of the Atlantic, yet I shall never so far divest myself of the feelings of a man interested in the happiness of his fellowmen as to wish my country's prosperity might be built on the ruins of that of other nations." To the merchants of Philadelphia he said in 1793: "The friends of humanity will deprecate war, wheresoever it may appear; and we have experienced enough of its evils in this country to know that it should not be wantonly or unnecessarily entered upon." In his speech to Congress, just before this, in 1792, he spoke the following serious word, which it becomes his countrymen never to forget: "It would be wise, by timely provisions, to guard against those acts of our own citizens which might tend to disturb peace with other nations, and to put ourselves in a condition to give that satisfaction to foreign nations which we may sometimes have occasion to require of them. I particularly recommend to your consideration the means of preventing those aggressions by our citizens on the territory of other nations, and other infractions of the law of nations, which, furnishing just subject of complaint, might endanger our peace with them."

Such were the sentiments of the leaders of the American Revolution and the founders of the republic concerning war; such their solemn warnings to us

against its wickedness and waste, against great armies and navies, against the indulgence of the military spirit so hostile to democracy, against the rage of conquest and the lust for territorial aggrandizement,—that “original sin of nations,” as Gladstone so well called it,—and against injustice to any people; and such their lofty summons to the nation at its birth to make itself the great peace power of the world and hasten the day when the arbitrament of reason should supplant everywhere the arbitrament of arms. And this high behest and vision of the fathers—this is our proud claim—have nowhere else met with such warm or general acceptance or been honored and reinforced by such earnest practical activity as here. The City of Boston, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,—more than any others have these done to make prevalent in public opinion the gospel of peace preached by Washington and Franklin and Jefferson, and to embody their noble and inspiring program in institutions and in law. Here—this is our birthright and our boast, badge of our honor and measure of our obligation—has been the centre in America of the movement for international justice and the peace and order of the world.

Boston and Massachusetts have helped preserve the nation in the way of honorable peace by denouncing in the first place the unjust and unnecessary wars by which the nation has been threatened or into which it has been betrayed; and this, by the mouth of their best men, they have done faithfully and fearlessly through whatever clamor and passion on the part of the multitude or the fashionable mob. They had,

indeed, high warrant for it. They never forgot their own beginnings; never forgot that the most faithful and most influential friends, the strongest reinforcement, which the Boston town meetings, the Continental Congress and the embattled farmers had in 1775 were the manly and liberty-loving Englishmen in Parliament who, scorning the base doctrine that an administration is not to be criticized in time of war, defied ministers to their faces and denounced the war upon the colonies from first to last as false to every cherished principle of English politics and law, to the common instincts of justice and the fundamental rights of men. Let America never forget this, never forget the two Englands, the England of Burke and Chatham as well as the England of Lord North and George the Third, the great England of workingmen, the men of Lancashire, as well as the little England that fitted out the Alabama, the England of John Morley and James Bryce as well as of Joseph Chamberlain. Almost every Englishman who is still remembered with honor after the century was on our side in 1775; as almost every Englishman of world-wide eminence in thought denounced and resisted the ruthlessness and passion which blotted out last year the little South African republics. I confess that I long ago came to question the wisdom of our going on reading publicly year after year on the Fourth of July the long list of English tyrannies and usurpations which makes up the greater part of the Declaration of Independence; although that stinging list has unhappy pertinence for us to-day as the perennial program of oppression. The

great general principles, the "blazing ubiquities," we will repeat forever ; let them be written in letters of gold upon our capitol and graved upon our hearts. But may we not properly and profitably give poor old George the Third a rest, and concentrate our attention more on contemporary lunatics and sinners ? The divinities doubtless have their own good reasons for the long time they take in burying the remembrance of such deeds ; and so long as a distorted Anglo-mania lives among us, or men forget that this republic is not simply New England, but also New Germany, New France, New Ireland, New Italy, and New Jerusalem ; so long as there is an England which can perpetrate and celebrate a Boer war ; so long, perhaps, the divinities will ordain—"lest we forget"—that America shall go on rehearsing the story of the Stamp Act, the Tea Party, the Boston Massacre, and Bunker Hill, and our school-boys shall recite the melancholy catalogue in the Declaration, which I, for one, have long ceased to like to hear. I prefer to remember that the best men in England saw and said, in the very midst of the conflict, that the men behind the redoubt on Bunker Hill, and not King George's soldiers, were the true representatives of the English idea,—Samuel Adams when the British government put a price upon his head, and George Washington bombarding the British army out of Boston. I prefer to remember that by every textbook of history in the English schools—I have read the pages in thirty of them—the English boy and girl are taught that we were right and the English government fatally wrong in 1775, taught to see heroes in Wash-

ington and Franklin ; while how often the little Yankee is hardly out of petticoats before he is setting up sticks in the back-yard and shooting his peas at them as "red-coats!" I prefer to remember the gratitude declared again and again by the very map of Massachusetts to our brave English champions.

Pittsfield was so called before 1766 ; but it preserves the name and memory of the Great Commoner who in that year thundered in Parliament : "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. In a good cause you can crush America to atoms ; but on this ground, a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it. In such a cause your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man ; she would embrace the pillars of the State and pull down the Constitution with her. The Americans have been wronged ; they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned ?" In the same spirit, the younger Pitt, while the war was in progress, denounced it on the floor of Parliament as "the most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical war."

The name of Foxborough is a monument to Charles James Fox, of whom Grattan said that when he was attacking Lord North's administration during the American war he was the best speaker he had ever heard. The tea tax, Fox declared, would force the

colonies into open rebellion; and when the war was imminent he plainly said that "if the question lay between conquering and abandoning America he was for abandoning it." To Boston he paid special tribute for her heroic suffering in the common cause. In Fox's speech after Saratoga, Luttrell charged him with talking treason,—as Horace Walpole might easily have been charged, who exclaimed when the news came from Saratoga, "Thank God, old England is safe,—that is, America, whither the true English retired under Charles the First!" The war with America Fox pronounced "a war of passion"; and after Yorktown, when the government announced that "Parliament had heard with impatience the narratives of the disasters," he burst forth hotly: "Ministers must, by the aroused indignation and vengeance of an injured and undone people, hear of them at the tribunal of justice and expiate them on the public scaffold."

Our town of Conway perpetuates the name of the chivalric mover of the repeal of the Stamp Act, of whom in the hour of his triumph Burke wrote: "I stood near him, and his face, to use the expression of the Scriptures of the first martyr, his face was as it were the face of an angel." From that hour to 1780, when he so burningly reproached the bishops, then as in 1900 almost solid in support of reaction and oppression, for backing up the war and bloodshed, Conway was always true to justice and to America.

Our Grafton was named after that Duke of Grafton, who in 1775 spoke plainly to the king of his ministers as men who, "deluded themselves, are deluding your

majesty." When later on the king spoke to him of the Hessians he was sending over, he said to him more plainly still: "Your majesty will find too late that twice the number will only increase the disgrace and never effect the purpose."

Our Massachusetts Barre, too,—it bears the name of Colonel Isaac Barré, whose famous phrase was caught up by our "Sons of Liberty" everywhere in the Stamp Act days for their christening. It was Barré who retorted, when Lord North proposed to retain the tea tax for the mere sake of humbling America, that America thus "humbled" would serve only as "a monument of your arrogance and your folly. For my part," he said, "the America I wish to see is an America increasing and prosperous, raising her head in graceful dignity, with freedom and firmness asserting her rights, vindicating her liberties, pleading her services and conscious of her merit. If we do not change our conduct towards her, America will be torn from our side." Barré's bust and his portrait find their place in the public buildings of our Massachusetts town. At one of the town celebrations thirty years ago, the poet recounts how, at the outbreak of the Revolution:

When *Hutchinson*, that hated name,
Was flung aside in scorn and shame,
'Twas Barré's fame the town most prized,
And Barré 'twas anew baptized.

And in the following lines he repeats almost literally the manly and indignant passage in Barré's speech

in Parliament which particularly endeared him to our fathers :

“ They, exiles ! planted by your care ?
’Twas your oppression drove them there.
Nourished by your indulgence? No !
’Twas your neglect that made them grow.
Protected by your arms? They fought
In your defence ; unaided wrought
In those far wilds to build a state
To make your Empire wide and great.
But mark ! the love of freedom still,
As ever, rules that people’s will ;
Forbear to try their temper, lest
They from your grasp that Empire wrest.”
Our fathers heard across the sea
Those words of fire, that burning plea :
They felt the flame, then dealt the stroke
That brake in pieces England’s yoke.
Thereafter, Isaac Barré’s name
New England’s household word became.

The name which thus became one of our household words is repeated in Vermont, in New York, Pennsylvania, and I know not where besides, — in Pennsylvania united with the name of another of our gallant English friends in that stormy time, making Wilkesbarre. Indeed our own Barre balanced between Barre and Wilkes. How many Burkes and Pittsburgs and Chathams and Foxboroughs and Camdens and Conways and Graftons scattered between the Atlantic and the Pacific repeat America’s gratitude to that great group of Englishmen ! There ought to be a town of Burke in every state in the Union, to emphasize by its very name to our people and

our politicians to all time that great statesman's sturdy common sense and noble philosophy of liberty and law, of conciliation and magnanimity. The American colonists, Burke declared in Parliament, "were not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles." "It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do," he said to the hair-splitting and time-serving politicians, "but what humanity, reason and justice tell me I ought to do."

It is natural that America should honor these men; but they are the statesmen of that period whom to-day all England honors too. It is common enough for ministers to condemn wars long after the event. Cobden and Bright were almost mobbed for opposing the Crimean war during its progress; but yesterday, with all the terrible slaughter and tragedy fifty years behind, a Tory premier — following the fashion so common fifty years after ruthless wars — talks jocularly after dinner about England in the Crimea having "put her money on the wrong horse." Chatham and Burke did not wait fifty years. They denounced a sinning government when denunciation demanded courage and had point — when the government was in its sins; and they are the monumental rebuke for all time of the flabby plea, still sometimes heard even in the America which celebrates them, that the patriot in time of war must postpone virtue and, if evil be officially decreed, follow the multitude to do it. As our republic, year by year, commemorates the heroic struggle for her independence, let her always remember and rejoice that it was in connection with that struggle, didactic in so much, that this great

lesson, so fundamental for democracy, was most memorably taught, with venerable and eternal power.

How well Boston and Massachusetts learned the lesson they showed in the shameful period of the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War, one of the most iniquitous wars in the history of the republic, or of the world. General Grant, who served in the war, justly declared it "one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker people." He said plainly and truly that it was "a political war" and that our troops "were sent to provoke a fight." Zachary Taylor himself, who, unquestioningly, obedient soldier that he was, fought its battles and became its hero, viewed it just as Grant viewed it, and Henry Clay ; and it was largely because men knew it that he was made President of the United States. "My life," he wrote at the close of the war, "has been devoted to arms, yet I look upon war at all times and under all circumstances as a national calamity, to be avoided if compatible with the national honor. The principles of our government, as well as its true policy, are opposed to the subjugation of other nations and the dismemberment of other countries by conquest." We have lived to hear the politics of James K. Polk apologized for in Boston, on the ground that Texas and California to-day are prosperous states—with the other heritages of that politics cavalierly brushed aside. But Boston and Massachusetts knew in 1845 as well as in 1865 what the fields are in which a nation pays the penalties of its sins ; and here was the centre of the opposition. We do not forget the noble utterances of Giddings,

of Clay, and even of Calhoun ; but three-quarters of the words which ring down through history in condemnation of the Mexican War and the policy which provoked it are Massachusetts words. It is in the writings of Channing and the speeches of John Quincy Adams that the process of the annexation of Texas finds its righteous exposure ; and as the iniquitous war went on, all that was virtuous and chivalric in this city and this Commonwealth was combined to mourn the dishonor and impeach the crime. When we have named Daniel Webster and Charles Francis Adams, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, Dana and Hillard, Palfrey and Horace Mann, Samuel and Rockwood Hoar, Garrison, Phillips and Theodore Parker, Longfellow and Lowell, Whittier and Emerson — who will care to confront that roll of honor with the census of the Massachusetts morality and intelligence which in that time contended that criticism must cease in war and that the patriot's doctrine then must be "My country, right or wrong" ?

It stirs the blood to read the record of the meetings here in Faneuil Hall in 1845. We should all, I think, have liked to be here at the January meeting, when the Texas issue was at its hottest, and have heard the address which Daniel Webster helped prepare : "Massachusetts denounces the iniquitous project in its inception and in every stage of its progress, in its means and in its end, and in all the purposes and pretenses of its authors." We should like to have been at the November meeting, for which Charles Sumner wrote the resolutions, which, as he wrote at a later day, "start with the

enunciation of equal rights and the brotherhood of all men as set forth in the Declaration of Independence," which he always, from beginning to end, made the foundation of his arguments, appeals and aspirations. Sumner's speech at that Faneuil Hall meeting was his first public utterance after his Fourth of July oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations"; and he here firmly applied the general principles of that oration to the concrete case before the country. That was the characteristic of the men of Massachusetts in that heroic generation. They spoke tart truth and called things by their right names. If the administration was aiding and abetting a crime against Kansas, "The Crime Against Kansas" was what Sumner made a speech about. If the criminals, in the midst of their shameful politics, prated about "democracy" and "manifest destiny," Emerson told them with his holy scorn that these were "fine names for an ugly thing." "They call it otto of rose and lavender,—I call it bilge water." It was this which made the "Biglow Papers" not only the masterpiece of American wit and humor but one of the immortal masterpieces of political morality. Nowhere was the man of pious generalities who always fails in the actual exigency more sharply satirized than by Lowell then and there.

I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never committed ;
But he mus'n't be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins.

In 1847, in the very midst of the Mexican War, a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature invited Charles Sumner to prepare for it a report on the war. This Sumner did, the report embodying a searching history of the war and its unrighteous provocation, and solemnly condemning it with all the energy of the resolutions passed in Faneuil Hall. This old report by Sumner, long forgotten, was last year rescued from the oblivion of the document room and reprinted here in Boston ; and I think that no verdict ever penned upon the Mexican War, or upon any government which, in the words of General Grant, sends soldiers to "provoke a fight" for political purposes, will better stand the test of the day of judgment. The report passed both houses of the Legislature by vote of more than two to one, as the declared opinion of the State upon that war. This was the answer of the Legislature and the people of Massachusetts in 1847, in the very midst of war, to the men who say that when a war is once declared the patriot shall suspend the exercise of judgment, and all do wrong harmoniously together. These Massachusetts protesters were in a minority in the country ; the mob had the war fever, and poured reproach and ridicule upon the State. But the insight and conscience of Massachusetts were not concerned with majorities and mobs ; they were concerned with truth and right—and the years have been their justifiers.

I think that history will award to our Commonwealth and city the same conspicuous praise for their position during the period through which we are passing. "Traitors" have been as thick in Boston in the

last half-dozen years as in the British Parliament in 1775, or in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1847. However men may vary as to the wisdom of our staying in the Philippines, the policy which our government elected there was certainly a mournful one, as false to every wise and worthy principle as our course in Mexico, so justly characterized by General Grant, and as England's course in 1775, so sternly judged by Burke and Chatham. The plainest dictate of political morality, as of common providence, if we were sincere in our profession of desire to make these people, children in politics, self-governing and national, was to foster and help, and not destroy, the prestige and power of that contingent of them that had attained the national spirit and ambition and was able to inspire them, able to organize revolution, raise armies, frame government, and command the popular confidence and affection.

We are now told that a score of the Senators who voted for the Philippine treaty have, within a year, expressed their sorrow for it; but there is no virtue in sorrow unless it be sorrow for wrong and not simply for losses and poor prospects. Franklin wrote to Livingston in 1782: "Every one of the present British ministry has, while in the ministry, declared the war against us unjust." Demosthenes prayed to the gods for sure salvation and that men might have better hearts; and there is no sure salvation but in better hearts. He censured Athens for reflecting after the event; but salutary and saving reflection before the event was possible with us only to men thoroughly

imbued with the principles of Charles Sumner and Samuel Adams and Edmund Burke. Those principles would have made impossible in the Philippines a policy of conquest and subjugation instead of a policy of fraternity, conciliation and magnanimity. My claim for Boston and for Massachusetts is that this was seen most clearly, felt most deeply and declared most strongly here, and that history will pronounce our city, in 1900 as in 1845, the capital of the opposition to "one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker people." We would make no boastful nor pretentious catalogue, nor forget that men more conspicuous than any in our borders spoke the severe and lofty American word. Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland, both of our former presidents, spoke it. Sherman and Edmunds and Thomas Reed, all in their time the favored candidates of Massachusetts for the presidential place, spoke it. Andrew Carnegie and a score of the great captains of finance and industry, with Franklin's common sense and Franklin's honor, spoke it. Of all Carnegie's splendid generosity, no gift, not even that most splendid one of the Peace Temple at The Hague, ennobles him so highly ✓ as his offer to make good to our government, if it would release its hold upon the struggling people of the Philippines, the twenty million dollars it had paid to Spain to release hers. Had Carnegie's prayer to sign that check been granted, the signature would have been one worthy to stand beside that of the great Boston merchant, John Hancock, which headed the signatures to the Declaration of Independence.

The organized workingmen of America, from east to west, spoke with one voice for generosity and justice. We do not forget in Boston the great mass meetings in Chicago, greater than any here, nor the Christian chivalry in Philadelphia ; we do not forget the great companies of jurists and divines in every state who, often through much obloquy, kept the faith. Howells and Mark Twain and John Burroughs in New York and the poets and men of letters the country through spoke out the old truths as loyally as Higginson and literary Boston. "Cursed is the war no poet sings," is the fine authoritative line of one of our Boston poets ; and however much subsiding passion still divides us, we shall all soon, I think, rejoice together that, although the Revolution and the Civil War hold so great and sacred place in our literature, there is no single reputable song there which celebrates the conquest of Mexico or the conquest of Luzon. How many a gallant soldier in the field has hated the war of conquest and subjugation and felt it to be opposed to the principles of the republic as deeply as Grant and Zachary Taylor felt it in Mexico, and as deeply as the General-in-Chief of our army to-day, who has been kept so carefully in quiet during the last five years ! It is precisely because General Miles has felt as Grant felt in Mexico, and because the country has known it, that the popular impulse to do him highest honors has been so persistent and irresistible. He, too, the great soldier, son of Massachusetts, has kept the faith ; and when, the next year or the next, he comes back to make our Puritan city his permanent home, we shall honor him chiefly for the spirit which made him

utter as his last words at the great military banquet here last week, "So long as you remain true to the principles of our fathers and of the Declaration of Independence and to the Constitution, so long will the army and navy maintain the honor and character of your country."

The principles of our fathers and of the Declaration of Independence have, I say, with due honor to all others, been most strenuously insisted on in this sad time here in Boston and in Massachusetts. The Demosthenes of the hour in the Senate at Washington has been George F. Hoar. In the House of Representatives there has been no influence more potent than that of Samuel W. McCall. The foremost of the protesting scholars and teachers of the country has been President Eliot of Harvard University. And the leader of the popular agitation, not in Massachusetts only, but in the country, has been the venerable George S. Boutwell, who, having served his state and nation in every high capacity, never rendered them service so high and sacred as in these last years, when he has put younger men to shame by his zealous and untiring labors to keep the sons true to the great principles of the fathers. I think it will not be denied that the country at large has recognized Boston as the centre of the opposition to this unhappy war. It has been made by some a reproach to her, as by others an honor. What we ask here is recognition of the fact.

But when all this has been said, and when it has been granted, I make a larger claim for Boston than that of opposition to unworthy wars, in the service

of the great program for the peace and organization of the world, which inspired Jefferson and Franklin and Washington. Hers has not been simply the service of criticism, noble and imperative as she has felt the critical function to be always in the republic, but much more the service of construction and of education. Hers is the glory of having founded the first influential Peace Society in the world,* and of having made herself, from the hour of its founding to the present, the most influential seat of education in this cause, which men are coming to see to-day to be the world's most commanding cause. A month ago we dedicated on our Public Garden, on the centennial of the beginning of his great ministry in Boston, a statue of William Ellery Channing. It was in Channing's study, on the day after Christmas, in 1815, that the Massachusetts Peace Society was born ; and among the many things for which America and the world hold Channing in high honor, he has no greater glory than that earned by his lifelong service in the cause of peace. We remember here to-day that the one Fourth of July oration in Boston which is historic and ever memorable was that by Charles Sumner, in 1845, on "The True Grandeur of Nations" ; and among the many things for which the world honors Charles Sumner, it honors him for nothing more than that he was true throughout his public life to the "declaration of war against war," with which he began it, putting

*The New York Peace Society, the first in the world, was organized in August, 1815, and the Ohio Peace Society, December 2, 1815 ; but the Massachusetts Society, organized December 26, 1815, at once took the lead. The English Society, the first in Europe, was formed in London, June 14, 1816.

into his speeches in the Senate the gospel which Channing preached in the pulpit, the gospel of the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount. It was in the Old South Meeting House, on Christmas Day, 1820, when he was nine years old, stirred by the eloquence of Josiah Quincy, the great mayor, addressing the Peace Society, that the boy Charles Sumner received those deep and lasting impressions which, confirmed as he closed his college life by the solemn words of William Ladd, in the old court-house at Cambridge, moved him to consecrate himself to the gospel of peace; and the life of the man, down to the last hour, when he bequeathed a fund to Harvard College for an annual prize for the best essay on the methods by which war may be permanently superseded, showed how well that vow was kept. We rejoice that the spires of the Old South Meeting House and Park Street Church still stand, pointing to heaven, in our busy streets. Among the many things which command our reverence for those sacred structures, few are more appealing than the fact that within their walls at Christmas time for many years, first for a long period in the one, and then for a long period in the other, were held the annual meetings of the Peace Society. It was at the first meeting held in Park Street Church, in 1849, four years after his Fourth of July oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," that Sumner gave his still greater oration on "The War System of Nations," the most powerful impeachment of war and the war spirit, I confidently declare, ever framed in a single address by the hand of man. Channing has paid the fitting tribute

to Noah Worcester, the great-minded founder of the Massachusetts Peace Society, and I do not need to do it ; but we may never forget that his "Solemn Review of the Custom of War," published in Boston, in 1814, was long the chief document of the Peace cause, and that his able and noble organ, "The Friend of Peace," was the pioneer Peace journal in the world. Sumner has told what he owed and what the world owed to William Ladd, the founder of the American Peace Society, in which our early one was merged, and which has its headquarters here, and I do not need to do it ; but let Boston and America forget not that heroic life. I do not need to tell, for it has been well done by the eminent secretary of the Peace Society, the story of the long campaign of education, by book and pamphlet and lecture and convention and what is to-day the ablest international journal in the world, by which the great cause of the world's peace and order has been promoted here in Boston. From that Christmas time, in 1815, to this Independence Day, in 1903, devotion and zeal have never flagged, and our leadership has never been lost. Among the twenty-two members of the original society, formed in Channing's study, were the governor of Massachusetts and the president of Harvard College. Within four years the membership rose to a thousand; and among those in the ranks from 1815 to the present have been the noblest spirits of the city and the state.

Out of its midst came the impulse to the great International Peace Congresses in Europe in the middle of the last century. The London Congress of 1843 sprang

from its suggestion; and this was the precursor of the memorable series a few years afterwards. These Congresses, the first at Brussels in 1848, the second at Paris, under the presidency of Victor Hugo, and with an attendance of two thousand persons, in 1849, and others at Frankfort and London, registered the high-water mark of the Peace movement, a mark which now, as the new century opens, it is our duty—let it be our high resolve—to leave far behind. Of the twenty delegates from the United States at the great Paris Congress, thirteen were from Massachusetts; of the half hundred at London, in 1851, one-fourth were from Massachusetts. Much more significant, it was from a Massachusetts man that the impulse to these historic International Congresses came. Elihu Burritt—venerable name—was the original and the chief organizing force; and his word at Brussels, at Paris, at Frankfort, at London, was the strong constructive word. “A High Court of Nations!”—that was always his one definite demand, in “the same old speech,” as Dr. Hale used to denominate his own speech at Mohonk year after year demanding the “Permanent International Tribunal”—Elihu Burritt’s own term also—which the scoffers told him he would not live to see. The “American” proposition—that was what the Congresses called Burritt’s plea for the Court; and American, not Russian, it is,—not the conception of the Czar, but of Worcester and Channing and Sumner and Burritt, one Massachusetts citizen after another speaking it out. Son of Connecticut, it was as a citizen of Massachusetts, his home at the heart of the Commonwealth,

that Elihu Burritt did his momentous work—how momentous few seem to remember—for the peace and better organization of the world. It was in England that he organized the “League of Universal Brotherhood”; but it was in Boston, years before, that he gave his prophetic address on “Universal Peace”; in our state that he issued year after year his “Christian Citizen,” his “Peace Papers to the People,” and his “Olive Leaves.” The effort—the successful effort—to secure cheap ocean postage, whose results in bringing people close together and helping scatter the fogs of ignorance, in which fears and jealousies and strifes are born, are incalculable, was the effort of Elihu Burritt. Each bursting mail-bag on the “Cedric” and the “Oceanic” is his memorial; The Hague Tribunal is his memorial. But where is Connecticut’s monument to this great servant? Where is ours? When the last brigadier has had his bronze, and the last commodore, may we not hope for it?

The labors of men associated with our Peace Society have done more than any other to create the spirit which has made America’s record in international arbitration the proudest in the world. The now great and influential International Law Association grew from its initiative. It has worked steadily for two generations for the tribunal finally created at The Hague; and at its initiative the Massachusetts Legislature at its last session unanimously passed a resolution asking our government to coöperate with the governments of Europe in establishing a stated International Congress, from which in the fulness of time it is hoped

will develop the organization which will perform in some manner for the world legislatively the functions performed judicially by The Hague Tribunal. At The Hague Conference itself, no delegation achieved more than that of the United States. Its members have borne witness that their strength and influence were due largely to the strong support and the earnestness of public opinion here. No meetings in behalf of the cause in those critical days were so important as those here in Boston ; and no individual American did so much as Boston's grand old man, Edward Everett Hale, who, going up and down the country, working with voice and pen, speaking often three times a day, made younger men blush by his untiring energy and devotion.

Such briefly is the record of the constructive services of our Commonwealth and city in behalf of the world's peace and order. Surely there is not in our proud history any prouder chapter ; and surely if, as we are encouraged to hope, the International Peace Congress should next year honor the United States by making it the place of its session, no city has higher claim and title to its tabernacle than the city of Sumner and Channing and Samuel Adams. Should it come to us here, its word would be but another word of the great democratic message of the "Father of the American Revolution." By fortunate fatality, the name, Robert Treat Paine, borne by the president now and for many years of the American Peace Society, is the same borne by one of the Massachusetts signers of the Declaration of Independence ; and the ideal and purpose for humanity of the Peace movement in the world is at its heart

the same which animated Jefferson and Washington and those who labored with them, whose memory we celebrate to-day.

What are we doing to make war to-morrow and the next day difficult and unlikely? What are we doing to invite it—to feed the jealousy, resentment and distrust which threaten it and make it easy? Nations, like men, gain slowly a true sense of values, of relations, of fitness, of cause and effect. Half of our people fail to see that, when nations themselves practice lynch law, they should expect to see lynch law among their people and lawlessness in their great corporations, among their workers, and in their city halls. Sanction the torture of men by your soldiers at the antipodes, apologize for it, stigmatize the damnation of it, and to-morrow your fellow-citizens, with the sheriff's privity and parson's benediction, shall be burning men in your back-yard. As a nation we have not yet learned the unfitness, the irritation to the sister nation, party to the contention, of appointing our notoriously defiant, declared and committed men to place upon arbitration commissions—as in the Alaska Boundary case.

Most of our people fail to see that half of our temptation to militarism and a great navy comes from the prostitution of our vaunted Monroe Doctrine to the purposes of a dog-in-the-manger commercialism; half of the rest is the penalty of our own deed in the Pacific, from whose consequences as well as guilt a manly repARATION would go far to free us. What was our Monroe Doctrine for? What were Monroe and John Quincy

Adams thinking about in 1823? They were simply planning how to save the little South American republics from the incursions of three or four European despotisms, and give them a chance in their political experiment. But the conditions of 1823 have utterly changed. I could not describe the change so well as Whitelaw Reid described it in his speech at Yale University a fortnight ago, in which, reflecting upon the general ignorance of the origin and history of the Monroe Doctrine, he said of its condition to-day: "It resembles that of a long-neglected barrel around which has accumulated the debris of years. The hoops, the thing that made it a barrel, have dropped away; only the pressure of the debris outside holds the staves together." So it is. The Secretary of the Navy bluntly said to the students at Harvard, a month before, that the doctrine had lost its "political significance"—the only worthy or real significance it ever had; yet in behalf of some "significance" of the doctrine, which he did not undertake to define, he boasted that the Navy, although he remarked that the people had probably not observed it—and it is edifying to note this joyful independence of the people's knowledge on the part of a powerful branch of service in our democracy—was making an impressive demonstration in the Caribbean waters a central feature of its regular "policy." We hear the refusal of permission to the grant of an island in the West Indies to Germany defended on the ground that it would be a menace to us in case of war; the natural commercial and constructive needs of a great people are made to yield to con-

siderations of some possible contingency of war. Meantime, South America is an almost empty continent, of limitless resources and invitations, in a crowded world ; and what sensible American, free from political superstition and national greed, does not know that Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans are as good as Portuguese or Spaniards, that the interests of law and liberty and progress to-day are, mildly speaking, equally safe in their hands, and that if, in some vicissitude or fluctuation of political fortune, a hundred millions of them should pour into Venezuela and Brazil and ground their institutions there, it would be a blessing to the world ? In a word, 1903 is not 1823 ; the theory any longer of a world of two hemispheres, for political purposes or any other, breaks down at every point, tempts us to monstrous and grotesque iniquities and wastes, and accuses our common sense. The ocean is not now a barrier, but a bridge ; and we have precisely the obligations, and no other, to Paraguay and Patagonia, which we have to Holland, Turkey and Japan. This, I think, is what John Quincy Adams — more than James Monroe, the father of the Monroe Doctrine — would say if he were back in Faneuil Hall, where his portrait looks down upon us. He would tell us to clear our minds of cant ; he would tell us, with Lowell, that new occasions teach new duties ; he would tell us, with Emerson, to

bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free, —

since a ferry is what it now is and ought to be. While he was yet with us he said : “Let it be impressed

upon the heart of every one of you, impress it upon the minds of your children, that the total abolition of war on earth is entirely dependent on man's own will — the ills of war are all of his own creation"; and were he with us to-day, I think he would add that the first condition of keeping out of war is to face the facts, and that if we choose to go on living as if it were still 1823, multiplying battleships upon that basis and getting into miserable wars as the natural and necessary result, the fault will not be with our stars, but with ourselves.

One hundred and one years ago, the Fourth of July oration in this place was given by the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson. One hundred years ago this year, Ralph Waldo Emerson was born. We cannot forget here the sacred and oracular centennial. Emerson has illuminated for us as no other the natural and inalienable rights of man, the principles of the founders of the republic, and the high and holy standards ordained for us here in his city and ours by her noble history and traditions. Our whole great group of Massachusetts poets, Emerson, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow and Lowell, have sung together the song of peace and order and humanity; all alike have ceased to be quoted for our national purposes in the last fifty years. Sumner well said that the highest value of our arsenal at Springfield will ever be in the fact that it inspired the verse of Longfellow:

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

It was Whittier who greeted in most prophetic strain the Peace Convention at Brussels. It was Lowell who smote with loftiest spirit the indulgence of any patriotism which blinds the patriot to his duties to humanity.

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another, —
Thank God for such a birthright, brother, —
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birthplace grand ;
His is a world-wide fatherland !

But it was Emerson who put into words most powerful our obligations as Americans and as men. He paid the most memorable tribute ever paid in a single phrase to the Declaration of Independence. When Rufus Choate, speaking in the spirit which has again become fashionable among us in this latest time, slurred the Declaration as a mass of "glittering generalities," Emerson took up the taunt with quick resentment and exclaimed : " 'Glittering generalities !' Say rather, Blazing ubiquities ! " Who had such faith as he in the destiny of the republic, who watched so anxiously its fortune, who felt so buoyantly its opportunities, who was so sensible of its world power, and who rebuked so plainly its misuse of power ? It seems as if those famous old Fourth of July lines of his were written for us now :

United States ! the ages plead, —
Present and Past, in under song, —
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Nations, he said, die of suicide, and the sign of decay is want of thought. He dreaded reliance upon materialities and physical force instead of appeal to the spiritual arm. He saw "the bankruptcy of the vulgar musket-worship." "Is the armed man the only hero"? he asked. It was in Boston, in his opening lecture on the Philosophy of History, in 1836, that he urged that our histories, then so largely monopolized by the chronicles of wars, should give some proper prominence to "other of man's social relations besides his conspiracies to stab and steal." It was in Boston that he gave first that noble address on War, which every Boston citizen and every American should keep ever on his table. "War, to sane men at the present day," he said, "begins to look like an epidemic insanity, breaking out here and there like the cholera or influenza, infecting men's brains instead of their bowels." "War is fratricide," and "sympathy with it is a juvenile and temporary state." "Would not love answer the same end, or even a better"? He rejoiced at the proposition in Boston in his time of the Congress of Nations; he rejoiced that the movement began here. "Not in a feudal Europe," he exclaimed, "but in this broad America of God and man, — here we ask, Shall it be War, or shall it be Peace"?

Boston has as yet found no place for a monument to her greatest son, although she has reared statues of

General Glover and Colonel Cass. But Emerson can wait. He honored Boston by naming the noble poem in which he chants God's call and revelation to the founders of New England "The Boston Hymn." The poem "Boston" is at once a celebration of the spirit of the Revolution and of this "darling town of ours"; and the loyal and loving lecture on "Boston" is an appeal like that of Demosthenes, that reverence for a noble past shall be the inspiration of as noble days to come. "This town of Boston has a history. . . . It is a seat of humanity, of men of principle, obeying a sentiment; so that its annals are great historical lines, inextricably national, part of the history of political liberty. . . . What public souls have lived here, what social benefactors!" He believed proudly that this was "the town which was appointed in the destiny of nations to lead the civilization of North America"; but he knew that she would continue to "teach the teachers and rule the rulers of America" only so long as she "cleaves to her liberty, her education, and her spiritual faith." She "owes her existence and her power to principles not of yesterday"; and to these principles it is her vocation to continue to witness. "Let her stand fast by herself!" "Let every child that is born of her and every child of her adoption see to it to keep the name of Boston as clean as the sun"; and the high pledge of that is the prayer with which the "Boston" lecture and the "Boston" poem alike conclude: "As with our fathers, so God be with us!"

It was an auspicious coincidence by which at the same time that we celebrated the centennial of Emerson

we celebrated the centennial of the beginning of Channing's ministry in Boston and dedicated his statue. The president of our great university did not fail to emphasize at the dedication the standards of political morality which Channing set up, from which in certain respects the country has recently fallen away. "Channing," he said, "taught that no real good can come through violence, injustice, greed, and the inculcation of hatred and enmities, or of suspicions and contempts. He believed that public well-being can be promoted only through public justice, freedom, peace, and good-will among men. He never could have imagined that there would be an outburst in his dear country, grown rich and strong, of such doctrines as that the might of arms or possessions or majorities make right; that a superior civilization may rightly force itself on an inferior by wholesale killing, hurting, and impoverishing; that an extension of commerce or of missionary activities justifies war; that the example of imperial Rome is an instructive one for republican America; and that the right to liberty and the brotherhood of man are obsolete sentimentalities." Public justice, freedom, peace, and good-will among men, political morality, — thank God for this noble figure, gracious and severe, which from this day on through the generations is to stand in our midst, reminding Boston of the sacred principles not of yesterday to which she owes her existence and her power! No preacher and no citizen ever taught her better what war means, what true and false patriotism are, what the men are and the deeds which it becomes a truly enlightened com-

munity to celebrate, what constitutes the true grandeur of nations, and what this nation and the world might be if Christian ministers and Christian churches would combine to act on Christian principles. Demosthenes' oration on "The Crown" was a proud review of his own public life, to answer those who would refuse him the golden crown which had been proposed as a recognition and reward of his great services. Could we think Athenian usage into Boston, and think philippics into the mouth of the saintly Channing, it were easy to summon the stirring rehearsal by which he would shame a Commonwealth which makes illustrious citizens wait for their crown while she dots a hundred commons with bronze corporals and colonels.

By another didactic coincidence, the month which began here with the dedication of the statue of Channing ended with the dedication of the statue of General Hooker. The one had no official recognition, had little public notice, was in plainness and quiet by the few. For the other, every public building blazed, every flag fluttered, every shop was closed, every street thronged, every official in procession, and the pavements echoed the tread of twenty thousand men.

Do we criticise this honor to the great captain of the Civil War? We rejoice in it. We exult in the memories of Gettysburg and of Bunker Hill. The republic honors her chivalric soldiers. There have been righteous and necessary wars. "The cause of peace," said Emerson, "is not the cause of cowardice. If peace is sought to be defended or preserved for the safety of the luxurious and the timid, it is a sham, and the

peace will be base; war is better. If peace is to be maintained, it must be by brave men, who have come up to the same height as the hero, but who have gone one step beyond the hero!" Howells has told us that there are greater words than patriotism, and among them are civilization and humanity. So there are greater words than peace, and among them are justice and honor. Even the wisdom which is from above—so St. James preached, and so I believe—is first pure, and then peaceable. As lovers of our country, we honor General Hooker as its brave defender. As haters of the war spirit, we honor him for hating it. He is the standing rebuke of every swaggerer and ruffler, and of every battlefield save that of sternest duty. His famous exclamation: "Fighting Joe Hooker sounds to me like Fighting Fool!" will go ringing down our history with Sherman's "War is hell!" What I say is that Hooker's services for America, for good citizenship, for pure patriotism, for high political inspiration and imperative, as compared with Channing's, were but as one to a thousand, and that the degree and manner of our recognition of the two are the measure of our poor estimate of values and the rudeness of our civilization up to date.

By yet another eloquent coincidence, just as the great military procession leaves us, there enters the city the greatest host of teachers which has ever gathered in our history, or in human history. Boston welcomes them to her heart of hearts. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors! And learn, O beautiful, our country, — through whatever falls or stumblings, still ever the great centre of our hope, our

confidence and our devotion, — learn where to look for the better heart and mind and the sure salvation.

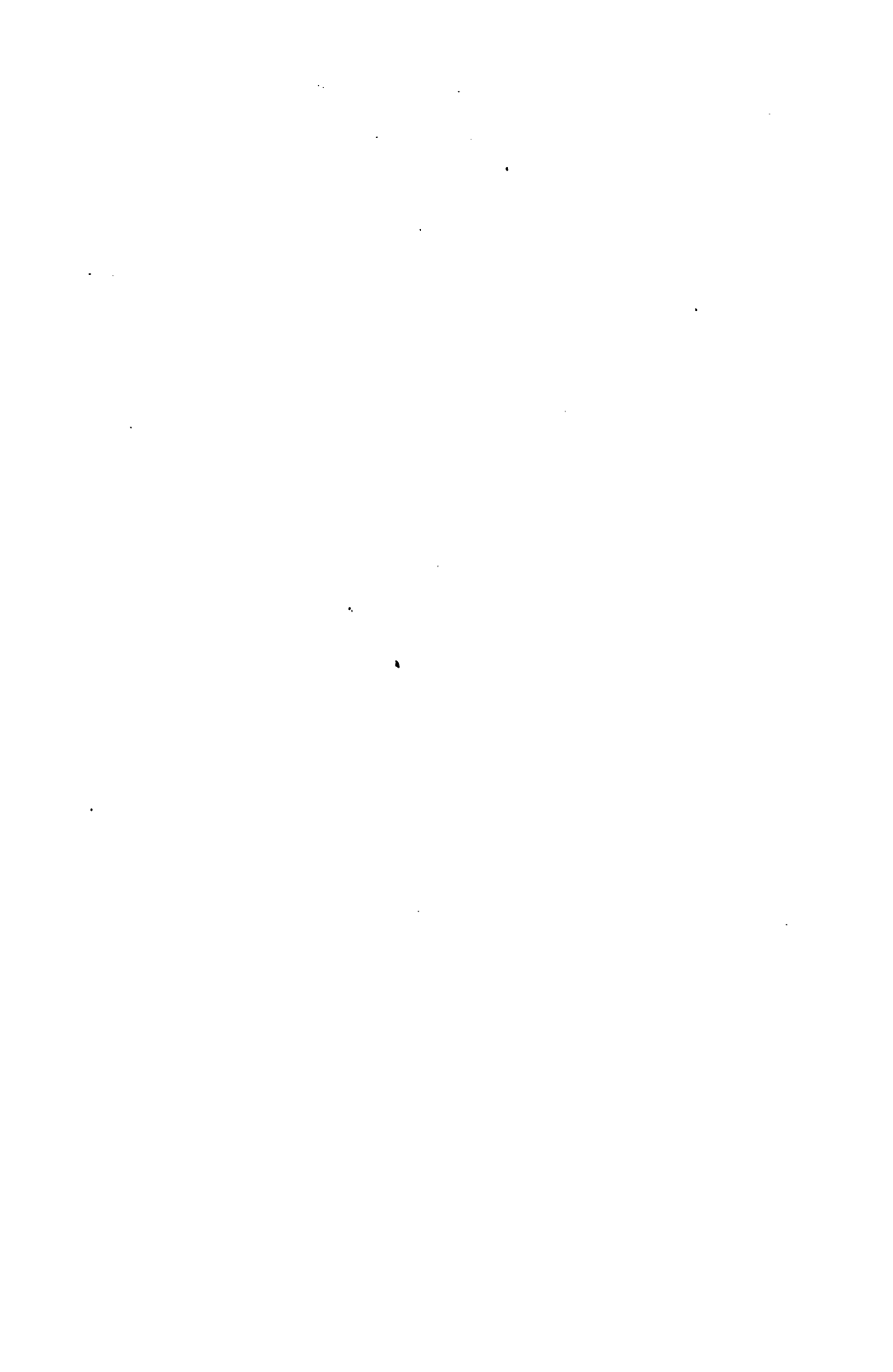
“Let the soldier be abroad if he will,” — so exclaimed Lord Brougham seventy years ago; — “he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some: the schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with the primer, against the soldier in full military array.” The schoolmaster is abroad! — and the schoolmaster means reason and peace. By happy parable, the very room in the old house on Beacon street in which the president of this great convention, the president of Harvard University, was born is to-day the office of the American Peace Society. Every public school in the land shall soon be a peace society. The teacher everywhere begins to ask: Whereto this wickedness and waste? In Chicago the teachers of the public schools league themselves together and say to the City Hall: Make the rogues pay their honest taxes, and you can pay us honest wages; — and, to prove their thesis, themselves bring suit against the rogues, and turn two million dollars into the treasury. Now, say they, force your street railways to make proper payment for their franchises, and turn in ten millions more. Thus, in that great city, the teacher leads in the constructive way. “More Money for the Public Schools” President Eliot writes a whole book to demand; while meantime a billion dollars are thrown away in reckless war. The cost of one great battleship would build the whole hundred buildings of Harvard University, with a million dollars to spare; while the battleship, if perhaps it serve us well, — with

Christ's eyes we should see it clearer,—may by new invention be made junk to-morrow; if it serve us ill, will help us into some collision from which, without it, Christian courtesy and common sense would probably have saved us. Surely we do not need much higher mathematics nor much higher morals than those already current in our schools to put this and that together. The schoolmaster will put them together; and to-morrow the result shall find place in the curriculum.

“The only substitute for a strong police in a free country,” wrote President Dwight, a hundred years ago, “is a more virtuous and thorough education of children.” “We must,” said Emerson, “supersede politics by education.” The only way to save the billions wasted in wicked wars is to spend them on constructive things; and the time has come for the teachers of America to see and with power to say, in presence of the nation's awful needs, that a civilization which has come so far as to be able to produce and understand a Lincoln and an Emerson is, in spending a billion dollars as we have spent our last, sinning against its own light and against humanity,—if it persists in such policies, sinning against the Holy Ghost. The Baroness von Suttner, the wise and tactful author of “Lay Down Your Arms!” the book which has gone to the hearts of men and women in our time more penetratingly than any other impeachment of the war system, has been credited in Europe with the power “to convert diplomats in a few weeks into human beings.” There are few things for which America has greater reason to be proud than that her own diplomats, from

the time of Benjamin Franklin and John Jay to the time of John W. Foster and Andrew D. White, have been exerting in eminent degree precisely that same power. Let the teachers of America, the women of America, and the churches of America once highly resolve together that this republic shall henceforth act always like a human being to human beings, and that thing shall surely come to pass. And where is the fitting place for that triune consecration but this home of Horace Mann, of Lucy Stone, and of Channing? Let it begin here! The war spirit indeed is doomed. Its momentary appearance among ourselves is an anachronism. "All history," says Emerson, "is the decline of war, though the slow decline." There was not half so much war in the world in the nineteenth century as in the eighteenth. Let every teacher in the school and every faithful man and woman in the home unite in the decree that this century's record shall be brighter still. Let this republic be indeed the prime world power of a new era, and dare, as Jefferson aspired, "to legislate as if eternal peace were at hand." And let our own beloved city still revere with Emerson, and still valiantly obey, humbly recognizing its severe condition, the destiny which appointed it to lead the civilization of the continent, the high and holy destiny of the principles not of yesterday to which it owes its existence and its power.







FEB 10 1904

APR 28 1904

JUN 28 1909

MAR 24 1910

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